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LONDON, 1862.

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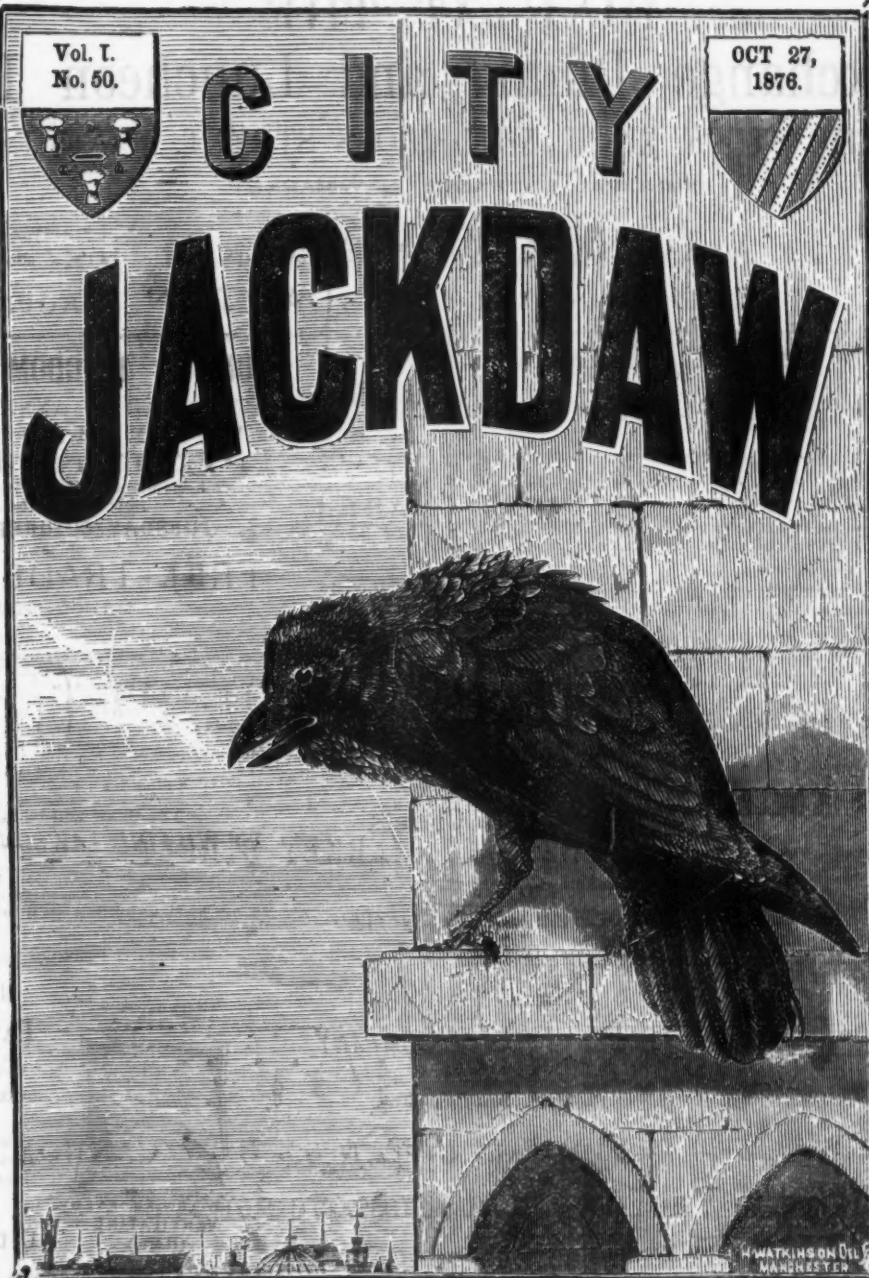
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CARRIAGE BUILDER

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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BAR, 72, Market Street.—Mrs. Sales, late of the Shades, New Brown Street, and Stock Exchange Luncheon Bar, begs respectfully to inform her friends and the public that she has opened the above-named commodious premises as a First-class Restaurant and Luncheon Bar, when she hopes to receive, and it will be her study to deserve, their kind patronage.

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77, Oldham Street, corner of Hilton Street.

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA.

Message per Cable, received September 28th, 1876.

"A splendid triumph! WHEELER and WILSON awarded the HIGHEST and ONLY SPECIAL PREMIUM for SEWING MACHINES—Two Medals of Merit, and Two diplomas of Honour."

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Over 100,000 of these Machines have been sold, acknowledged to be the best for Ladies, Dress-makers, and Managers, &c. Note the address: 131, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER, 131.

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Pritchard's Super Soft 6-Cord.

3-CORD GLACE AND SOFT.

FOR HAND AND MACHINE SEWING.

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MANCHESTER WAREHOUSE, 43, CANNON STREET.

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ESTABLISHED 1810.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from 1s. 8d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

KENNEDY, LITTLE, & CO.,
8, VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER.

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HARDEMAN'S

Celebrated London Beetle Powder

(REGISTERED),

Warranted to Clear Houses of the above in two or three nights.

SOLE MANUFACTURER!

John Hardeman, Chemist, 43, Bury New Road,
MANCHESTER.

Packets, 3d., 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

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JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard. Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF EXCHANGE WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My term of office as one of your representatives in the City Council expires on the first of November. During the three years I have had the honour to represent you, I have endeavoured faithfully to serve your interests and the interests of all my fellow-citizens. As a member of the Gas, Public Parks, and Health Committees, I have to the best of my judgment, and at no slight cost of time and labour, taken an active interest in the management of those departments, and at all times I have done what lay in my power to further the well-being of the city. In the Gas Committee, as a matter of justice, I have strenuously advocated the allowance of interest upon deposits, and I rejoice that this measure of relief will now take effect. Those who are acquainted with our corporate system know well that the practical work is done in the Committees. Of these, I have attended 325 during the past year. A requisition has been presented to me signed by many gentlemen of influence and position in your ward approving of my past services, and requesting me to allow myself again to be nominated. I return my thanks to the requisitionists. I accept the compliment paid to me, and as I esteem it an honour to represent you, should you re-elect me, my time and attention shall be devoted henceforth, as it has been during the eight years I have had the honour of a seat in the Council.—Ladies and gentlemen, I am your obedient servant,

WILLIAM BATTY.

9, Market Street, Oct. 11, 1876.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.—TO THE CITIZENS OF EXCHANGE WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—An influential deputation of the ratepayers of this ward, representing both political parties, have waited upon me desiring my services in the City Council.

In complying with their request, I beg to state I have no personal vanity to gratify (as is frequently the case with candidates seeking municipal honours), but simply to serve the ratepayers of this important ward, with which I have been connected for the past twenty years; and well knowing its requirements, they will at all times receive my most careful attention.

Should I be favoured with the majority of your votes, I shall consider it my duty, in return for your confidence, to give my earnest support to all measures conducing to the welfare of the city.—I am, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

EDWIN H. DOWNS.

15, Exchange Street, Manchester,
October, 1876.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. JAMES'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—A requisition numerously signed by electors of both political parties has been presented to me, asking me again to represent your ward in the City Council.

I have much pleasure in complying with this request, and thanking you for this new proof of confidence, trust that, if elected, I shall continue to merit your approval.—I am, ladies and gentlemen, yours faithfully,

P. GOLDSCHMIDT.

Manchester, 13th October, 1876.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. MICHAEL'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have received a very flattering requisition bearing the signatures of some of the principal inhabitants of this ward, inviting me to become a Candidate for the seat in the City Council for the THIRD TIME. I most cordially accept the invitation, regarding it as a proof that my services, as one of your representatives in your local parliament, since 1870, have met with your approval. I have no personal interests to serve, but consider it to be the duty of every person to serve their fellow-citizens when called upon to do so, and the fact that my fellow-members of the Council have elected me on several very important committees (viz., the Improvement and Watch) is a gratifying testimony of their good opinion. After conducting successfully a large business in this ward for many years, I am in a position to devote myself to the discharge of the duties of the office I seek from you. Should you do me the honour to elect me again, it will be my earnest desire to advance the interests of our ward, and to serve you to the best of my ability.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your faithful and obliged servant,

WILLIAM BROWN.

P.S.—While expressing my most sincere thanks to those electors who have signed the requisition, I must also tender my thanks to those who have promised me their support.

47, Oldham Road, September 29, 1876.

Committee Rooms, 46, Hannah Street, and the
Liberal Club, Harpurhey.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. MICHAEL'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been requested by a very influential deputation of the electors of this ward to offer myself as a representative in the City Council, I have, after due consideration, acceded to their request, and I now offer myself as a candidate for the office of City Councillor for St. Michael's ward.

I am decidedly in favour of all things pertaining to the promotion of the health of the inhabitants of this great city, and will do all in my power to promote cleanliness in the persons and dwellings of the vast multitude inhabiting it. Whatever schemes are presented in the Council, those shall have my best attention which seem most suited to attain this object. Public baths and public wash-houses shall not be forgotten by me after the excitement of an election.

I pass through the ward daily, and am able to see what improvements are requisite and what nuisances exist, both of which shall have my vigilant attention; and not only in this ward, but in every part of the city whenever they come under my cognizance.

I desire to see the day when every child, on leaving school, shall be able to read, write, and cipher well, and, above all, to know his duty towards God and man. Having been connected with one of the largest denominational schools in this ward for more than 30 years, I trust my desire to promote religious education will not be considered a momentary declaration.

Should you elect me to the important office I seek at your hands, you may rest assured that I will endeavour most faithfully to perform the duties devolving upon me.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

JOHN RICHARDS.

52, Swan Street, Manchester,
10th October, 1876.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF NEW CROSS WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—During the three years I have had the honour of being one of your representatives in the City Council, you have had opportunities of judging whether or not I have met the requirements which attain to that office. On the 1st of November next, you will be called upon to decide if my past services have so far met with your approval as to entitle me to be again trusted with a share in the municipal representation of your important ward. As I claim for myself to have honestly and conscientiously striven to do my duty in filling the office, in which by your favour I was placed three years ago, an expression of confidence by again returning me as one of your representatives would be a further incentive for me to strive more than ever to earn the right to subscribe myself, your faithful servant,

THOMAS BRIGHT.

Manchester, Oct. 5, 1876.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF NEW CROSS WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The term for which you did me the honour of electing me as one of your representatives in the City Council will expire on the 31st of this month.

I most sincerely thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me during the past six years, and having been requested by a large number of my fellow-ratepayers to allow myself to be again nominated, to that invitation I cheerfully respond, and frankly place my services for the third time at your disposal.

Should it be your pleasure to again return me as one of your representatives to watch over your interests in this important ward, be assured that your approval of my conduct in the past will stimulate and guide my future course.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, yours faithfully,

CHAS. STEWART.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. JOHN'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having received a numerously-signed requisition from the electors of this ward, asking me to become a candidate for the honour of representing you in the Council, I consider it my duty to place my services at your disposal.

As a ratepayer in this district for many years, and a native of Manchester, my interests in good and efficient as well as economical government—altogether independent of party or political considerations—are identical with your own.

Sanitary and other important questions which involve a large expenditure of money require increased care and consideration year by year, as our city continues to extend; it is indispensable, therefore, that time and deliberation should be bestowed commensurate with these important undertakings, if they are to be carried out with a due regard to economy and completeness, and also with consideration for the private interests of the ratepayers.

Should you consider it conducive to the interests of this ward to elect me as one of your representatives, you may confidently rely upon my best endeavours to serve you faithfully.—I am, ladies and gentlemen, yours truly,

WILLIAM CRIGHTON.

Castlefield Iron Works,
Knot Mill, Oct. 4th, 1876.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 50.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOTES ABOUT THE ALLIANCE.

I would rather leave my children penniless in a country without liquor-shops than leave them a great fortune as things are now. I will leave no fortune and leave the liquor traffic in the country too.

MR. HOYLE, of Tottington, has done yeoman service to the United Kingdom Alliance. His book crammed with telling statistics, arrayed with masterly ability, is the armoury of the temperance advocate. His occasional letters to the newspapers on the economic (Heaven save the mark!) results of the drink traffic, have done more, perhaps, than half a dozen Free-trade Hall meetings to compel outsiders from the Alliance camp to consider our licensing system as a grave political, social, and commercial problem that must inevitably be faced and settled somehow. But we venture to say that all he has done falls short in its usefulness when compared with the patriotic apothegm, which, speaking like a man inspired, he uttered at the council of the Alliance on Tuesday morning. The words we have quoted might be adopted as the motto of the Alliance, and should be printed in letters of gold, and exhibited conspicuously in every temperance reformer's sitting-room. There is a grand, almost sublime, earnestness in the utterance. It is a sentiment worthy to be uttered in the heart of a death-struggle for freedom, morality, domestic peace, and public weal. Yet, reduced to its practical bearings, it is a common-place. Who, reflecting calmly, and weighing all the chances and influences that go to make up the fortune of his children, would not say with Mr. Hoyle that he would rather leave them penniless in a sober, virtuous, industrious community, than furnished in pocket surrounded with temptations to sacrifice time, money, health, virtue, religion—all? It is a terrible question which comes to us almost with the startling solemnity of that other heart-searching problem, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It makes us think of those others who do indeed leave their children penniless, and leave them also to dwell under the curse of drunkenness, with no other hope for their children's children, or their posterity to the third and fourth generation.

There is a fine family feeling in the meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance. Its members do not meet as political partisans, as Churchmen or Nonconformists, nor as crotcheteers, though they include the fiercest and most extreme types of men who in every other circle have the mark of one or other, or all three classes, stamped indelibly upon them. They meet as brethren. One could not scan the meetings which were held on Tuesday without seeing that to many of these delegates from Scotland and Ireland, and different parts of England, and the perfervid temperance reformers who swarm about the Manchester centre, that the annual assembly is a sort of Christmas reunion. They are more familiar with each other's personal history, writings, and speeches, and more interested in each other's life-work than brothers, even when living in intimate relations and meeting in frequent intercourse, often are. The bond of sympathy between them on this one question of suppressing the curse of drunkenness is perfect, and their intelligence is in complete rapport. The leading advocates of the reform not only receive a worship on the platform, but it is obvious that they receive a daily homage in the home. It is, we believe, in this social bond of fraternal sympathy and feeling of family relationship that the great strength of the Alliance rests.

Brethren have their quarrels, and no quarrels are so bitter, so sore, and heart-trying. Where perfect sympathy has existed for long years, and has been hallowed by an earnest purpose, where minds have gone forward

to more light with equal step, where heart has inspired heart to a warmer glow, and a divergence one day comes, the brother who makes up his opinion for the onward leap is apt to become impatient and intolerant of him who hesitates doubtfully on the brink, or takes his firm stand determined to go no further. There is a danger of this soreness arising between two sections of the Alliance—those who make the support of the Permissive Bill the one test question by which they try political candidates, and those who contend for the liberty of the elector to make his choice on the personal merits of the candidate, his general fitness for public work, and the ruling character of his political opinions. We regret that the former party, who constitute apparently the bulk of the council, should be so intolerant of brethren who are more weak-kneed. The angry cries which assailed the Birmingham deputy, Mr. Ewing, when he manfully asserted his individual freedom to work inside his party lines—which he believes to have been identified in a splendid historical connection with truth, justice, and the general well-being of all men, and especially of the oppressed—and the persistent attempt which was made to suppress his too diffuse explanations, were scarcely creditable to a powerful majority. Neither was the demonstration politic. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's most ardent spirits should bear in mind that while they have the honour of leading the vanguard there is an army behind who may not be prepared for hurry or hard driving. The leaders can only succeed in their electoral policy by allowing every man to be persuaded in his own mind, and it would be a thousand pities if by hard words or ill-usage, or arbitrary attempts at coercion, they should alienate those of their own household. The scene on Tuesday morning was unfortunate in another respect. If Alliance men are so intolerant of difference of opinion now that they are fighting an uphill battle, the question inevitably suggests itself—what are they likely to be in their day of victory? Won't they rule with a rod of iron the vanquished minority in every parish where they obtain permission to prohibit?

The declaration of Mr. Hugh Mason, that with him henceforth the capacity of a political candidate to swallow the Permissive Pill will be the one condition ruling his support in person, money, and influence, was regarded—coming as it did from such an extreme partisan as he is in all matters affecting Church and State—as a point of great significance. Mr. W. S. Allen, M.P., said, amid the ringing cheers of the audience in the Free-trade Hall, that the announcement would be read next morning in every newspaper in the kingdom, and he pictured the political world as trembling while it read. But, after all, Mr. Mason's statement may not mean very much. In the city of Manchester, and in Ashton-under-Lyne, the Liberal candidates whom he favours are likely to be supporters of the Permissive Bill already. In the counties where he holds votes it is scarcely likely that the candidates on either side will do more than pledge themselves to a general sympathy with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's objects. If any one is likely to make a concession to the Alliance it is likely to be the Liberal candidate, who at least recognises in the root principle of the Permissive Bill—the supreme right of the ratepayer—a leading article of his own political creed. But if Mr. Mason means to say that on the single point of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's measure, he, a Nonconformist, will support a Churchman who will fight to the death for an institution which Mr. Mason believes honestly to be a curse to religion and a hindrance to freedom and social improvement, rather than a Liberationist pledged to vote for religious equality to all men—that he, a man of peace, will vote for a Tory who may any day help to commit the country to a course of unlimited bloodshed in unrighteous war, rather than an advocate of the

settlement of international disputes on the common-sense and Christian grounds of friendly arbitration—that he, a free-trader, will vote for a Reciprocity man, or Reviver of British industry, who will in the exercise of a spirit of class selfishness, or acting on the sheer density of an unenlightened mind, will heap taxes on the people's bread, and so increase the burden borne with bitterness in many poor homes, rather than the advocate of a free breakfast-table—we simply say to Mr. Mason, with all due apologies for our intolerable rudeness, that we don't believe a word of it. We do not even suppose that Mr. Mason, where he fails to exact the pledge to do his best to enforce compulsory sobriety from a Red candidate, will even withhold his vote, for Mr. Mason is a logical, patriotic, and large-hearted man; and political abstention is illogical, pettish, and small. In a man whose politics are consecrated by his religion, such suppression of great principles on trying occasions is simply impossible.

One practical suggestion. It might be well to provide a private room in connection with the annual conference, in which the Rev. S. A. Steinthal and Mr. Pope, Q.C., might carry on the private animated conversations which occupy their exclusive attention while other speakers are addressing the meeting. A fine voice is a useful quality in a man who, like Mr. Steinthal, has to shout a summary of a long report to five or six thousand excited auditors in the Free-trade Hall, but it becomes an intolerable nuisance when used as a ceaseless bass accompaniment to every speaker throughout a five hours' conference at a council table. Mr. Pope goes so conspicuously out of his ordinary habits to make himself agreeable at the meetings of the Alliance that he would be amiability itself if he could only hold his tongue and suppress his loquacity for an occasional ten minutes at a time.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. ARONSBURG.

THIS philanthropic gentleman, who has so long pursued his unostentatious course of benevolence amongst us, will to-day (Friday) receive a token from some of his fellow-citizens of the esteem in which he is held. From a card of invitation, which has been sent to us, we learn that at noon, in the Mayor's parlour, a testimonial will be presented to Mr. Aronsberg in the name of a committee, of which the Town Clerk is chairman, by the Mayor in person. The testimonial will consist of a silver casket, containing an elegantly-chased paper-knife and a pair of scissors. The casket bears the following inscription:—

W. ARONSBURG, M.P.

When this you see,
Remember the field-glass you gave to me.

J. HERON.

We have been favoured with the text of Mr. Aronsberg's reply on this occasion. It is as follows:—

"Allow me, Mr. Mayor, and ladies and gentlemen, to thank you for this handsome and undeserved compliment. What I have done—and I cannot conceal that I have done something, for the newspapers have published it—I have done for the good of my fellow-citizens, and of the human race. If I had not been fully repaid already, I should feel repaid now. But, ladies and gentlemen, I have been repaid already in the proud consciousness that virtue is its own reward, in proof of which I may mention that I have not had to advertise my wares for the last three years. Ladies and gentlemen, when next I clip out a paragraph from the *Evening Mail*, or some other paper, giving an account of my latest act of benevolence, I shall use those scissors which you have given to me. The paper-knife will also be of undeniable use to me in the future career of well-doing, which I hope lies before me. I shall always remember, ladies and gentlemen, this occasion as one admirably calculated to increase my reputation as a philanthropist and a tradesman; and I hope that the occasion will be taken to heart, and become a lesson to those who are not aware of the blessings which flow from benefactions, of whatever kind, judiciously applied. Ladies and gentlemen, I will now conclude. I again thank you as an optician and as a humble individual; I shall carry the remembrance of this occasion to my tomb, on which I would desire to have placed the simple inscription: 'He did a thriving business in Victoria Street, and gave away spectacles and other instruments to all who needed them.'"

ELECTION NOTES.

A CITY COUNCILLOR'S FEAT.

COUNCILLOR INGHAM loves the truth for its own sake, not for that of his friend's. Mr. R. T. Walker, who seeks re-election at the hands of the ratepayers of Oxford Ward, is now being coached by Mr. Ingham, and he has good cause to say, "Save me from my friends!" who love to speak the truth. Mr. Ingham says when Mr. Walker was in the Council he was a most industrious man, indeed, he was known as the "indefatigable Walker;" and, added Mr. Ingham, under his breath, of course, that was because "he was always on his legs."

ROYSE TO THE RESCUE!

People who don't know Mr. Royse never knew what it was to have a new hat. Most men make their appearance in a new hat about once a year—just the exact number of times that latter Royse comes before the public. This year he has sensibly come forward to support his friend, Councillor Charles Walker, in All Saints' Ward. Without desiring to hurt Mr. Royse's feelings, we are open to bet our old hat against a new one that Mr. Royse will go bareheaded for life if his friend doesn't get to the top of the poll—in fact, to the head of it.

LORD DERBY'S LAND.

Mr. W. Brown ventured a few days ago to say that a certain proposed new road had not been made because of "the fabulous price" asked for the land by Lord Derby. Mr. Brown is opposed by a Mr. Richards, a gentleman who is otherwise unknown to fame than by having his name in the Manchester Directory, but he is evidently a good Conservative. He rushes to Mr. Statter, Lord Derby's agent, and gets that gentleman to say that Mr. Brown's statement is devoid of the truth from beginning to end. Possibly Mr. Brown may have been misinformed as to the commencement of the negotiations; but if in "the end" his statement does not turn out to be correct, we shall expect Mr. Statter to furnish us with a site for a new Jackdaw office.

MUD-THROWING IN EXCHANGE WARD.

Some mud has been thrown at Mr. Batty by an anonymous "ratepayer of twenty years' standing" on the ground that three years ago the presiding alderman gave his casting-vote in favour of the candidate mentioned. Mr. Batty's friends and supporters, and he has plenty of both, will only regard this fact as a proof of the good sense of the alderman in question, and it will be difficult for any one to make anything else out of it; but almost any substitute for mud will pass muster in election times. Mr. Batty has at least his unobtrusive and useful work in the Gas Committee to fall back upon, and it will be well for electors to know that in the matter of gas improvements the citizens owe much to Mr. Batty, as any one who knows anything about committee work will be aware. Mr. Downs is an untried man, except as a candidate, in which capacity he has at least shown that he can bear defeat with equanimity. There are no scandals published about him as yet, though it is whispered that there was a property in Victoria Street about which a tale might be told.

BILLINGSGATE IN MEDLOCK STREET WARD.

Here we have the friends of one candidate blustering about peculation and jobbery, and the other candidate using such expressions as "infamous lies." There was a disgraceful riot the other night at Hulme Town Hall in connection with these "soft nothings." It is alleged that, Mr. Anderton being a member of the Gas Committee, a quantity of gas tar was bought from the Corporation by a limited company, of which Mr. Anderton was one of the directors. The matter was allowed to pass at the time, being unimportant, or for the matter of that the transaction being one which was very advantageous to the Corporation. Now, however, that the elections are at hand, the business has been raked up to Mr. Anderton's discredit. Whatever Mr. Anderton's merits or demerits may be, and he

would not be the candidate of our choice, it may be pointed out that the talk about speculation and jobbery is all rubbish and clap-trap. Any one who has resided in the city sufficiently long to have a vote ought to be well aware that there is not, and has never been, any jobbery of any kind connected with the Corporation, either directly or remotely. Mr. Evans is probably not responsible for the over zeal of his supporters. A gentleman who on his election to the Council gave up voluntarily a trade position which might possibly subject him to the charge of jobbery would be the last to suspect another gentleman unduly.

PARTY DODGE IN ISLINGTON WARD.

A Mr. J. E. Middlehurst, who has been rejected some half dozen times or so in Manchester and Salford, is a candidate for this ward, and a very curious manoeuvre was resorted to by his supporters on Monday. They obtained permission from Mr. Alderman Gendall to call a ward's meeting, of course, with the understanding that it was not a party meeting. The committee of the other candidate, however, were kept in the dark, and the meeting did not take place till three hours after the nomination was over. The proceedings took the form of singing the praises of Middlehurst, the oft-rejected, whose name is made to appear by this dodge as the name of one selected by a ward's meeting. Whether tactics of this kind will help Mr. Middlehurst to triumph over Mr. Mandley, who is a scholar and a gentleman, remains to be seen.

BYE-STREETS AND BYE-LAWS.

IN the newspapers we find for once a correspondence of a really sensible and useful character. It concerns the manner in which a number of streets and lanes in the centre of the city are blocked by luries, to the serious inconvenience and danger of the public. Any one who has occasion to pass through one of the narrow streets intersecting the blocks of warehouses lying between Mosley Street and Cross Street will appreciate the nuisance. In the first place, these streets are usually blocked up by two or more luries, loaded or unloaded, so that the pedestrian is obliged to jam himself between the wheels and the buildings, even if he is able to pass at all, or he has to bolt between the heads and tails of horses, or to dive underneath their heads and necks at the imminent risk of being knocked down and trampled on. Sometimes the horses are straddling across the pavements, chawing away unconcernedly at their nosebags; and unless the wayfarer possess sufficient skill and courage to force these unwieldy animals into the roadway, his only resource will be to dart under their bellies, or to wander in these labyrinths until, perchance, he may find some passage which is not thus or otherwise obstructed. Now, if this state of things were a necessity, caused by the exigencies of an immense traffic, there would be nothing to do but growl and bear it, but we are assured that such necessity cannot fairly be pleaded. It will be found that, as a rule, most of these luries are standing absolutely idle, waiting for business to come to them. The horses and men are refreshing themselves—the former with nosebags, and the latter with goes of spirits or beer at contiguous vaults. Now, it would be unkind to object to the refreshment either of men or horses, but there is no reason why streets should be blocked up thereby. There are stables and other places where these horses and carts might be stowed without inconvenience to the public. Moreover, there are bye-laws which aim at the prevention of nuisances of this kind. The owners of the carts say that it is a hardship on them to have to take their apparatus to stables which are some distance off, perhaps; and it may be so, but that is no excuse for blocking up streets, and the sooner the bye-laws are put in force the better, even if one or two persons should be inconvenienced, to the ultimate comfort of their fellow-citizens. While we are on the subject of bye-laws, we may allude to that one which forbids throwing articles, large or small, out of windows. On the occasion of the last Whitsauntide procession of scholars, we ourselves were ruthlessly summoned before the Nuisance Committee

for throwing one or two small handbills out of the window to the crowd below. We were reprimanded and excused on that occasion, partly because it was a first offence, and partly because the Town Clerk is a particular friend of the Old Fogle's and an admirer of the *Jackdaw*; but we may remark that handbills break no heads, whereas heavy bales of merchandise "chucked" from heights across the pavement may break heads, and do often cause bruises, not to mention fright and annoyance. Even if the men who conduct this operation were careful and considerate, which as a rule they are not, the performance ought to be put a stop to. If the bye-laws were put in force, owners of warehouses would be obliged to find some way of discharging their goods other than that which endangers the skulls and limbs of innocent pedestrians; but these bye-laws are at present persistently broken, as the chimneys owned by city councillors and aldermen abundantly testify. A very good test question, which it is not too late to put to municipal candidates, would be, "Will you at all times insist on all bye-laws being put in force within the city?" For our own inadvertent breach of a bye-law, so promptly taken notice of, we were prepared at the time to make every reparation in our power, and we went before the Committee prepared to endure with proper humility any penalty which might be inflicted on us. It is for this reason that we are all the more justified in calling attention to the delinquencies of others. It will not occur again in our case, for even Sir Joseph Heron could not again save us from the doom (six months' hard labour, we believe) which a breach of civic regulations entails. We exhort the civic authorities to be as stern with other offenders as they are determined to be with ourselves.

BRAVO, REEVES!

THE disgraceful row which occurred at Mr. Sims Reeves's concert, last Friday, does not occur to us as being anything remarkable or exceptional in "Musical Manchester." We are bound to suppose that the original inventor of this absurd phrase did not mean it to be used satirically. Probably, however, he did not mean more than this—that Manchester people, having lots of money, are ready to spend it on tickets for operas and concerts. Manchester folks, however, though they are occasionally lavish with their money, are invariably bent on getting what they suppose to be their money's worth, or, in fact, on getting as much as they possibly can for their money. Hence the unknown flatterer has unconsciously satirised Manchester. We are fond of music, but if we pay five shillings, or whatever it may be, for a ticket, we expect to get in return ten shillings' worth of music; and if we don't get it, we will give the artist (who is, after all, only a merchant or purveyor) a taste of what vulgar grasping snobs can do when they are defeated in their avaricious designs. Hence the cat-calls, the hootings, the howls, and hisses on Friday night when Mr. Sims Reeves, having sung more than his allotted number of songs, refused to risk spoiling his voice, and as likely as not injure his physical health, by singing again. The few persons who were content, or obliged to be mere spectators of the scene on Friday when the concert was brought to an abrupt close, will have remarked, perhaps with surprise, the number of well-dressed and "respectable" people who took part in the riot; but the fact is, we Manchester people, whether we call ourselves musical or not, are snobs. Dress a snob in whatever garments you please, and put him under any influences you please, he will always be a snob, and he (or she) will only refrain from appearing in true colours just as long as the occasion suits. Mr. Sims Reeves must by this last lesson have been thoroughly taught to appreciate the difference between London and Manchester audiences, and to rate "Musical Manchester" at its true value. We do not know whether Mr. Reeves is sufficiently mercenary to care again to face an audience of vulgar and grasping Manchester snobs, but he would be as justified in refusing never to appear in Manchester again as he was in consulting his own health and comfort by refraining from submission to greedy demands. The few genuine lovers of music who are not snobs, but are not sufficiently numerous at any concert to control those that are snobs, will suffer; and as we are bound to consider that our readers are among the better class, we condole with our readers accordingly.

JACKDAW



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—Every Evening, Alfred Cellier's New and Successful OPERA, NELL GWYNNE.

BROUGHTON SKATING RINK.—By the kind permission of Captain Irwin and officers of the Manchester City Constabulary, the POLICE BAND will perform at this Rink To-morrow (Saturday) Afternoon, October 28, at three o'clock. Admission, one shilling.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—Open Every Day from ten a.m. Dawson and Sons' Grand Spectacle of the RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA EVERY SATURDAY EVENING at 8 p.m. to November 4 inclusive. Band of the Gardens every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday from 3 p.m. Admission, 6d. each; after 4 p.m. 1s. each.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Selected High-class WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS', EXCHANGE STREET GALLERIES. In dark weather the galleries are illuminated by gas. Admission (including catalogue), one shilling.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES, comprising NINE LECTURES, the first two of which will be given in the HULME TOWN HALL, and the remaining seven in the New, More Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—

A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor ROSCOE, F.R.S.
Wednesday, November 1 (third lecture).
Subject: "What the earth is composed of."
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S.
Monday, November 6, Monday, November 13, and Monday, November 20.
Subject: "The earth's place in nature."
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.
Tuesday, November 28, Tuesday, December 5, and Tuesday, December 12.
Subject: "Life on the earth."

Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned, One Guinea each.

67, King Street, Manchester, October 2, 1876.

JOSEPH LUNT.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT when Mr. Harrison, at the Scientific Students' meeting, said a cow was a condensed vegetable, he ought to have given a definition of what a bull was in a china-shop, and how it ought to be dished up.

That nobody will be surprised to hear, in future, that sparrows are condensed a-sparrow-gas.

That the negotiations with Russia in reference to the Turkish question, like the Russian ambassador, are Orloff.

That Sims Reeves, in future, ought to decline to repeat any of his songs, otherwise he is responsible for encore-aging ruffianism.

That the disturbers at the concert at the Free-trade Hall may well be called lovers of music, seeing they think they have got music in their soles.

That considering his long connection with the Public Baths and Wash-houses Company, the honour to be conferred on the Mayor As Is To Be might appropriately be C. D.

That the extension of Mr. Alderman Heywood's early imprisonment in the New Bailey, for selling the *Poor Man's Guardian*, from three months to three years, was the work of the Devil (printer's).

That people who go to the New Town Hall expecting to catch Sir Joseph Heron there, will find instead a mayor's nest.

That all the electors in Seedley Ward are Liberals just now.

THE TORY TALK-OUT.

THERE is one thing in the constitution of Conservatives which marks them very distinctively. They have no staying power—at a public meeting. When Mr. Disraeli made his famous oration at the Free-trade Hall four years ago, although the hall was crowded in the early stage of the proceedings, the back part of the hall showed a wide clear space before the orator had half delivered himself, and a large deputation of young men from the Reform Club took possession of the field without let or hindrance, and saw and heard as much of the Tory leader as they desired for nothing. A similar result attended the "great Conservative banquet," on Tuesday night. Though two peers, two Under Secretaries of State, the Chairman of Committee in the House of Commons, and the Tory members for Manchester, Salford, and South-east, South-west, and North-east Lancashire, were on the platform, they failed to attract an audience of more than four hundred at five shillings a head, including wine. What were those upon the large floor-space of the Free-trade Hall? Tory generalship was, however, equal to the occasion, and the audience were thinly scattered out to make a show at the widely set apart tables. The most mortifying circumstance, however, was that as soon as the capacity of "the wine ticket" was exhausted, and the speakers began to talk, the audience began to walk, and before the toast-list was half exhausted, there was only left a miserable array of empty benches and a group of about a hundred gathered round the reporter's table. The result was depressing in the extreme, and the audience, growing small by degrees and beautifully less, tapered down to almost a scene when the health of the ladies was proposed at the tail end of the proceedings.

ADULTERATION.

I do not think that the various adulterants, with the exception of lead, are of much significance. I am rather of opinion that if we have enough to eat, nature gets rid of those superfluous articles, and leaves us not much the worse.—Dr. S. M. Bradley, to the *Scientific Students' Society*.

SO it is clear, if we only eat lots of them,
Copper's an excellent sauce to our peas;
So that we only consume enough pots of them,
Nature gets rid of the copper with ease.
This is an excellent hint for the grocer, a
Who on his articles praise can bestow
Just by remarking, "This hurtful? Oh, no, sir!
Nature takes care of the stomach, you know."

So when the brewer puts *coculus Indicus*
Into our beer, or such horrible stuff,
He that objects to it's clearly a windy cuss—
Hurt him it won't if he swallows enough.
Excellent tea may be mixed with iron filings,
Coffee with chicory, alum with flour;
If you are ill, out of place are revilings,
Clearly you didn't sufficient devour.

Thus you may easily swell, as you can, a list,
Still you will only arrive at the thought—
"What is the use of a paid city analyst?
Surely his salary's given for nought."
Why when a man is secure should we tax him
Since he might learn, were he only discreet,
Just to obey the encouraging maxim—
"Anything's safe, if sufficient you eat."

MR. CROSS SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

SCENE.—The "City Jackdaw" Office. Mr. MACLURE *attitudinising*; the Home Secretary in the editorial chair.

Mr. Maclure. Now, just look here, Cross. If I was Home Secretary [*aside*: which, thank Heaven, I'm not, for it wouldn't pay], and I was asked to sit for my portrait, I'd do it in this way.

Mr. Cross. Ah, that's all very well for a man who has a fine figure and good legs to stand upon, but you know my weakness.

Mr. Maclure. Well, you've got a good head (though there may not be much in it), and so we had better just have your head taken. I have no doubt my friend, the editor, will do justice to your body and legs.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



"The City Jackdaw."

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS.

Mr. Cross. Well, upon that understanding I don't mind being photographed.

Mr. Maclure. All right. Put on your specs, and keep your eyes on me. [*Aside.*] Just what I said to Lord Winmarleigh after we had had a nightcap together at the club, the other night.

Photographer operates.

Mr. Cross. It is all over.

Mr. Maclure. Splendid portrait. Let us go. Between you and me, the editor of the *Jackdaw* will do anything for the Conservative party—through me, as he thinks I'm going to be a Liberal some day. He is coming to our club dinner to-night.

MORAL.—Mr. Cross paid us a visit to the *Jackdaw* to-day—recognising it as one of the institutions of Manchester—and sat for his photograph, which we solemnly swear we didn't use. Our sketch was done by our own P. D., and believing it to be the most life-like, we present a copy of it to our readers.

SEE CARTOON.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

[BY ONE WHO HAS THEM BADLY.]

I'M going to be married on Monday,
My bachelor freedom is past;
I knew they would capture me one day,
And now it has happened at last.
The hours were too precious and fleeting
When with Kate I was learning to spoon,
But soon we shall always be meeting—
I shall have quite enough of her soon.

I've just bid adieu to my clay pipe,
A parting that harrowed my soul;
And each unrespectable stray pipe
I've hidden away in a hole.
I have not the heart to destroy them,
So dear and familiar they be;
And the thought, how I used to enjoy them,
Will always be cherished by me.

My friends, when they chance to desery me,
Rush by with a hasty "Good day!"
Or else they cross over, and eye me
With caution from over the way.
I am sure I have done nothing wrong to them,
Those bachelor friends of my heart;
But still I no longer belong to them,
'Tis Fate's stern decree that we part.

I'm sitting all low and despondent,
With my feet on the dullest of grates,
With feelings that now of a pond hint,
And now of a trip to the States.
I haven't the pluck for the first plan,
For the second I haven't the tin;
I think it would not be the worst plan
To finish my grog and turn in.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE AND ITS PREVENTION.

HALF-SMOTHERED and wholly poisoned as we are with the smoke emanating from chimneys in Manchester and Salford, it is tantalising to read from time to time the many apparently plausible schemes which are set forth for our relief. It is as tantalising to read these statements as it is to reflect that there are regulations forbidding the emission of smoke from chimneys. At rare intervals some official takes it into his head to make a raid and a report, the result being the infliction of a few insignificant fines, and immediately afterwards the thing is as bad as ever. We do not know how far the "can't help it" plea is justified, or ought to be taken in excuse. It would seem, however, that that point had been fully taken into consideration when the regulations were made. It would be manifestly absurd to make a rule which it would be impossible for any one to adhere to. The existence of regulations in this case must at the suggestion of common-sense be accepted as placing the offenders

out of court. There are chimneys (and a good view of them may be obtained from the elevation of Kersal Moor) which emit dense black smoke, not for the regulation few minutes, but for hours together, and yet the bye-laws are supposed to be in active operation. To return, however, to the question of prevention. Every day, now, there appear letters in the daily papers describing various inventions, some known, some unknown, the use of which is recommended for a cure. Some of these, it is true, may be suspected of being cheap advertisements for manufacturers; but at the same time, if the inventions are good, and are what they claim to be, the excuse for the air polluters is all the smaller. On Tuesday a letter was published, describing an invention which it is said would save from £50 to £100 a year, for each boiler would require less labour than the old system, raise more steam, and make two boilers do the work of three, all the smoke being consumed as well. Now, if it be a fact that this and similar inventions are in existence, it is as great a disgrace to the authorities as it is to the culprits that smoke should continue to contaminate the atmosphere. Even if the consumption of his own smoke meant a small loss to the owner of the works, there would not be any very valid excuse for the present state of things; but if, on the other hand, the improvement would involve no cost at all, beyond the trifling one of alteration, then it is hard to see how those in power can remain supine any longer.

HISSING THE BISHOP.

Who have hissed the Bishop?

The Conservatives.

For which of his good works or many virtues have they hissed him?

SUCH, we doubt not, was the current of conversation at many a breakfast table in Manchester yesterday. The Bishop's name was mentioned at the Tory banquet in the Free-trade Hall, on Wednesday night, by a Queen's chaplain from the Isle of Wight—by-the-bye, the same gentleman who figured on the Alliance platform on Tuesday, and advocated a law to compel the poor man to be sober, and now graced the Tory festivities by his countenance. It was used with an accompanying expression of respect and admiration for the pure and honourable-minded man who has been entrusted with the regulation of the ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese. And the audience hissed. The speaker described his lordship as a "Manchester man" every inch, and the audience cried "No!" He deprecated this expression of distaste, and narrowed his proposition to an expression of his personal regard for Dr. Fraser, but the audience would not accept rebuke. One cried, "He's a Rad;" another, "He's a Ritualist;" and others, again, hissed. There was not a man who hissed who did not know that his lordship is neither Radical nor Ritualist. His name was mentioned in connection with the toast of Church and State, and Dr. Fraser is as good a Church and State man as any Conservative who was present. If this had been a meeting of Denominationalists, we could have understood its protest against his lordship's advice to hand over inefficient and impecunious schools to the charge of the representatives and the ratepayers. If it had been an agricultural dinner, we could have understood a bucolic outcry against the prelate who put the question, "Are the farmers of England mad?" and advocated consideration for the oppressed farm labourer. But it was a meeting of Churchmen and Conservatives, who were drinking prosperity to Church and State—a cause which the Bishop also blesses. Can it be that Manchester Churchmen hate the Bishop for the expression of his righteous horror at the atrocities committed by Turks upon Greek Christians in Bulgaria?

There were noblemen and gentlemen on the platform, who are associated with his lordship in many religious, educational, and benevolent works. But from Lord Winmarleigh, through Mr. Hugh Birley, down to Mr. W. W. Goulden, not one offered a protest against an outrage which will be remembered to the eternal disgrace of a section of the Manchester Conservatives.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S WATER-COLOURS.

THE shilling expended on a visit to this gallery will be well laid out. The pictures have been carefully selected and hung with due regard to their merits, and the collection contains some very valuable works by well-known artists. All branches of water-colour drawing are fully represented, though we did not notice anything especially praiseworthy in the way of landscape. This, however, may be viewed, as a rule, in the light of a mainstay for amateurs. We have not space to mention more than one or two of the works on the catalogue. No. 60, "Last gleam on the castle of St. Angelo" (T. Hunt), is a pretty and picturesque bit of painting, and bears on it a realistic stamp, which is by no means out of place. Similar observations apply to No. 196, "Interior of Bamberg Cathedral" (F. W. Burton, R.H.A.), though the subject is treated differently; the occasion chosen is a peasant's festival, and the faces and figures are capital, and in good contrast with the stonework. "Friends," by G. G. Kilburne (189); "A Bacchante," M. Conradi (189); and "Life in the Desert" (205), a familiar picture, by Carl Haag, may also be mentioned. There are many beauties in the exhibition, however, including a splendid collection of blue and white pottery, to which we are unable to call further attention.

MRS. HENPECK'S PARLOUR LECTURES.

[EDITED BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

No. VI.—ON THE MANAGEMENT OF A BABY.

NOW, my dear, you must admit that I have more experience in these matters than you have, and I must insist upon it that you take my advice. If you had taken it before, Claude would not have been driven out of the house. La! how the child cries! Now a little — *He is a very quiet baby?* Well, your husband does not think so, that is evident. I could see he was quite vexed, and I am sure he has not had any sleep for a month, poor fellow. *He has not complained of want of sleep?* Of course not, and it would be no use if he did, as long as you don't know how to manage the child. Now a small dose of — Gracious me, I never heard a child cry so! *Give him to you?* You speak as if you thought I should murder the child. Oh, take him, of course, and teach him to hate his grandmother. *He will never hate anybody?* It is all very well to be infatuated, but it is a poor return to me for all my trouble. *I see he is quiet now?* Oh, of course, you think of nothing but the child; but you cannot always quiet him in that way. The child will be choked before you have time to spoil him in other ways; besides, you should consider your own health a little, if it were only for your husband's sake; but as I was saying, if I could only persuade you to give him now and then — *The doctor says it is poison?* Just as I supposed! You consider me a murderess; very well, if you consider me a Poisoner I have nothing more to say. You need not hug the child, and talk to it in that ridiculous way; I know what it means. But I never poisoned Claude let me tell you, or any of his brothers and sisters, and many's the dose I had given to me when I was an infant. You smile; you are absolutely making the baby an excuse for concealing your treatment of your wife's mother — Oh, go on laughing; it has been my fate to give a good deal of advice, and be laughed at for my pains. My mother was not a Poisoner, though she did know how to manage her children, and make her home happy. There, you see, he is crying again. *It is the sound of my voice?* I could not pardon the assertion were it not so ridiculous. I must say that if the child should die — *You will not have me talk like that?* And how else am I to talk, pray? Am I to sit still and encourage you in your mismanagement? I am sure your mother would give you the same advice. *You wish she was here?* Well, so do I, and then my presence would not have been necessary; but even Mrs. Motherington cannot be in two places at once. I am sure, however, that your sister's baby is better managed, which is one comfort for you to think of. If your mother had come to you in preference, the dear child would have been at the mercy of strangers; but you may be quite sure that as soon as it is safe for me to go, go I shall. *You will both get on very well now?* I am glad to see that you are getting strong enough to say disagreeable things, though it is very

painful to me; but as I was saying, if you were to write to your mother she would tell you there is nothing like the this medicine for keeping a baby quiet and in good health. *You would rather believe the doctor?* Oh, very well; believe if you like that I am a Poisoner; believe that your own mother is a Murderess; I have nothing more to say. *Hush!* And so the baby is so important that nobody else is to speak. I repeat that if the evidence of your own mother—a most excellent and experienced lady—joined to mine cannot convince you, you will find out your mistake. What is that? *Your mother has written to you about it?* Now, then, you can have no excuse! *setting the doctors against your own mother!* a parcel of quacks! Oh, you need not turn down the page, I am not inquisitive. What do I read? *"Mind you obey the doctor in everything, and don't let any one persuade you to use Daffy, or any stuff of the kind; they are all Poisons!"* Poisons! a thing that has been in use in the family for a hundred years!—you laugh again. I see it all, your mother has been setting you against me. Well, after all, she is your mother, but as I abhor family divisions, I shall leave the house as soon as possible.

[I have got used to the crying of children now, but I think at that time I should have sided with my mother. I did not, however, give my wife credit for so much cleverness as she displays in the above encounter.—C. H.]

REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

T IRED of everlastingly refusing, we have determined this week to make use of this column. On referring to a back number on the file we find the following "answer," which accounts for the production of the sample below.

C. M. D.—You give uncontestable proof that you are an idiot, at the moderate cost of one penny.

Cheetham Hill, Wednesday, October 19, 1876.

Dear Sir,—In hope of diminishing somewhat the uncontestable impression you have of my insanity, I send you the following contribution, which I trust you will find good enough for insertion in your capital journal.—Apologising for the silly manner in which I sent my former silly contribution, I will now conclude as yours obediently, C. M. D.

WHAT I FOUND.

'Twas on a drizzly Monday night,
It will be understood,
I saw it in the gaslight
Lying in the mud.
It had a bright and shiny look—
I thought it very pretty;
I also thought to leave it there
Would surely be a pity.

Then on my mind the notion came,
Suppose I let it lie,
And let some pauper pick it up
Who needs it more than I.
But still I knew my landlady
Would be very willing
To have against the debts I owe
That isolated shilling.

With this idea resolved upon
I stooped and got the prize;
Alas! 'twas a button made of tin,
And I swore with rage and surprise.

The next contribution is from an old offender, whose name has appeared many times in the waste-paper basket department:—

IS SIM GOING?

Oh, is the dreadful rumour true
That doth explicit state,
The grandest singer we e'er knew
Intends to trust his fate
Upon the rude unfeeling seas
Which he can never charm?
However much he tries to please,
They him like others harm.
If so, his throat's inspiring God
Must block the only way,
Or kind to us despoetic nod,
And force his soul to stay;
For well she knows how much we love
To hear his Elayian strains,
And that the world beneath th' above
But such a one contains.
That though at home he often gets
A voice-injuring cold;
There he'll be ruined if she lets
Him cross old Neptune's hold.
For the sailors when they truly know
The man, and what he is,
Will make him sing all day, or throw
Him in the sea's abyss.

And we shall lose (oh, dreadful thought!)
 What we have loved so well,
 That makes our bosoms more than ought
 Besides estatic swell;
 And thus bereaved shall ever weep
 Until dissolved in air,
 While unconcerned he'll sing and sleep
 Amongst old Neptune's fair.
 But still there's hope, it may not be
 As flighty gossips say;
 And if 'tis so I hope the sea
 On his departing day
 To strike with fear his cruel heart
 Will be tempestuous rolled,
 Or that he will before the start
 Have caught a monstrous cold.

OLD JOSE.

The next is dated as follows:—

Cheetham, October 21, 1876.

Dear Sir (whoever you are),—If the accompanying ? be worth inserting in the *Jackdaw*, please insert; if not, please burn. Don't let Betty have it, and above all don't crush the author in your answers to correspondents.
 Yours truly,

P. M. R.

CUPID(D)ITTY OF MARY ANN.

Mary Ann was a housemaid prim,
 She lived at Poppy Point,
 She fell in love with butcher Jim,
 Who brought the weekly joint.
 Butcher Jim was a smart young man—
 Sharp as his own sharp knife—
 He cast sheep's eyes at Mary Ann,
 And sought her for his wife.
 Though Mary Ann was boiling hot
 To marry butcher Jim,
 She coolly told him she was not,
 And thus caused grief to him.
 Now Jim had knocked down many a cow,
 And stripped off many a Hyde,
 Yet never in his life till now
 Had he been so much tried.
 He'd twisted many a bovine tail,
 And slaughtered lots of sheep,
 And never found his courage fail,
 Or ought to make him weep.
 But Mary Ann's refusal was
 Enough a saint to try;
 And Jim, but mortal, now, alas!
 Began to pipe his eye.
 He turned about, and would have fled,
 She fell on his breast,
 And with her cheek to his she said,
 "I only spoke in jest."
 Revived again at this, poor Jim,
 Whilst hugging Mary Ann,
 Declared his cup full to the brim,
 And he once more a man.
 They took a house, and then, you see,
 They settled down in life;
 He made a decent husband—she
 A tidy sort of wife.

MORAL.

Ye housemaids all pray learn from this
 The sober truth to tell,
 For 'tis not always that a kiss
 Will terminate so well.

After this, who shall say that our hebdomadal severity is not justified?

ERRATUM.—In our notice of Mr. Cellier's comic opera, last week, the following occurred: The audience . . . deserve to hear no better music. For *deserve* read *desire*.

MR. J. G. TAYLOR.—It will interest many readers to learn that at the entertainment given by the Lord Mayor, on Tuesday, to dramatic artists, which as we gather from the genial reports in the newspapers was one of the most successful gatherings which has been held recently at the Mansion House, Mr. J. G. Taylor, late of the Prince's Theatre, was present. It may be no very distinguished honour to be asked to dinner by the Lord Mayor, but we are pleased to see that Mr. Taylor has so far made his mark in London as to be included among the distinguished actors of the day.

MUSICAL HUMAN NATURE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

No. VII.—THE TRUMPET.

THIS is one of the most ancient and honourable of musical instruments. A gentleman of the name of Jubal is credited, on the authority of the Book of Genesis, with its invention. This person was probably the representative of the cumulative ingenuity of mankind in the way of contriving extraneous methods of making a noise in the world. As to whistling with the lips, I reserve that for a future article. Of all instruments, those which depend on the action of wind or breath appear to me to be the most simple and most easy of contrivance, for it is probable that the wind whistled before Adam did, if Adam ever whistled; and as for Methuselah — but, as I said, I reserve whistling for another article. In the meantime, I would beg that this one on the trumpet should be held to include the most or all of those instruments which are worked by wind. Most of them work, as far as I know, on the same principle, and I cannot conceive that the toy-trumpet, with which my youngest but three disturbs the neighbours most effectually, can differ much in construction from that traditional trumpet, with the possession of which fame is usually credited; or from that other trumpet, for the note for which Dr. Cumming is waiting so assiduously that he has chosen for many years to lay in his coals and groceries by the week. With regard to that trumpet of fame, which has become a modern figure of speech, however, there is considerable misapprehension. The figure is borrowed from Pagan literature, and has, as usual, been misapplied. The Fame, *fama*, or rumour, the female who is represented by Homer and Virgil as flying about over land and sea blowing a trumpet, is found in two distinct characters in Milton, for instance; first as the lying, gossiping, gadding jade that she was intended to be, and secondly, as a sort of beneficent demi-goddess, conferring immortality on human actions and sentiments. Now, which is the right version is immaterial to the present discourse, only, as a matter of fact and experience, a man has not usually much cause to be proud of the rumours that may be afloat about himself; still, leaving this, and striking to the train of thought suggested, I may be allowed to ask the question, "What is fame?" or perhaps the kindred question might be better put, "What is success?" Success, I take it, is the integral part of fame—or, rather, fame of some kind is the integral part of success for most men. It is hard to fancy a man who is so concentrated in himself as to be careless of the opinion of his fellows. "I know," said Mr. Henry Irving rather bumpiously the other day, "that I have enemies; I have been successful, and I know the penalty of *that*." Here we have the example of a gentleman writhing under depreciation, and consoling himself by blowing his own trumpet. It would be useless to ask what are Mr. Irving's ideas of success—all men have different ideas on that point. Mr. Irving might point to a lump of money as one very appreciable proof of success; another man might not care about money at all; but each of these would hanker after trumpeting in some form. No man's success is satisfactory to him unless in some mysterious way it is turned into fame. The *City Jackdaw* has toiled on now for twelve months, providing wholesome fun, and it is hoped instruction, for thousands of readers: it is mentioned by the *Graphic* as "a small print, which has apparently made no impression;" and this is fame! Which is better, think you, to regard Fame as the ancients did as a lying, trumpeting, noisy jade, or as the test and integral part of success? These somewhat querulous thoughts have occurred to me in the natural order of things, but it is as difficult to get original ideas out of a trumpet as it is to get pleasant music. The trumpet, however, is at least one of the noisiest of instruments, as my urchin's performance testifies, and was therefore rightly enough associated with Fame or Rumour, or whatever she may be called. If we want to make a noise, let us get hold of the noisiest implement possible. If we cannot get any one to blow the trumpet over our achievements, let us blow our own. By-and-by there will be no trumpet blowing for us; the notes which we have blown, or which have been blown for us, will be forgotten; other folks will blow and make a noise in the world; and the crowd shall still cry, "Lo! the trumpet of fame!"

ELECTION SQUIBS.

WATER! WATER! EVERYWHERE!

SCENE.—An election meeting. Retiring Councillor [seeking re-election] being questioned.

Questioner. If the councillor is returned to the City Council will he consider the interests of the British public?

Councillor. To be sure I will.

Questioner. Will he vote, in the way of variety, for having "whiskey" put up instead of so many "waters" on the Princess Street side of the City Hall?

Councillor. To be sure I will—so long as we keep no whiskey in the hall, except for a few of the aldermen.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES!

SCENE.—Another election meeting. Mr. BRIGHT under cross-examination.

Questioner. Mr. Bright has given the candidates an election cry; I would like to ask him a few questions. He's in favour of public baths and wash-houses.

Mr. Bright. Certainly!

Questioner. A most admirable thing, no doubt. Are you in favour of all kinds of washing being done in public?

Mr. Bright. I say again, certainly!

Questioner. My wife's had twins; would the candidate be in favour of my washing their heads in public?

Mr. Bright. Undoubtedly!

RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL LOGIC.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

EARLY readers of the *Jackdaw* will perhaps remember the lessons which I used to give in local grammar. In passing on to logic I will merely remark that the importance of the art to be written of, as a local exercise, can hardly be over-rated. We will not linger to discuss the old squabble of the schoolmen, whether logic should rightly be called an art or a science. It is enough for present purposes to say roughly that logic, from its derivation and use, may be defined as the art of using words for purposes of reason or argument. It will also be important to bear in mind the old dictum that logical reasoning is altogether apart from common-sense experience. Now, this divergence between common-sense and logic will be best illustrated in practice—for instance, take the SYLLOGISM, or true logical argument, which is the universal manner in which, whether consciously or unconsciously, logic is used by its professors. A syllogism consists of three parts—namely, two premises or statements of fact, having a relation of some kind to one another, and the conclusion derived from these premises. Before giving rules for the formation of syllogisms, and in order to illustrate the utility of logic in every-day life, it will be well to give a few examples.

EXAMPLE I.

The temperance people are very busy this week making assertions and framing arguments in favour of their cause. The following is a favourite one:—

Persons who are non-abstainers commit crimes—major premise.

Jones is a non-abstainer—minor premise.

Jones is a criminal—conclusion.

The relation between the two premises is plainly apparent, and the term Jones is used for convenience' sake to represent an important section of the community. In order, however, to further show the general utility of logic, it may be noted that arguments of this kind cut both ways.

EXAMPLE II.

The people on the other side have as much right to use logic as their opponents, and this is their form of syllogism:—

Asses are total abstainers—major premise.

Jones is a total abstainer—minor premise.

Jones is an ass—conclusion.

The term Jones being used as in the last example.

EXAMPLE III.

The Anti-Tobacco Society have met this week, and at their meeting opinions were expressed condemning not only the use of tobacco, but also of alcoholic drinks, and what they called the "flesh of dead animals." This is their form of syllogism:—

Tobacco, beer, and meat are bad for us—major premise.

The rest of the world consume tobacco, beer, and meat—minor premise.

Tobacco, beer, and meat are bad for the rest of the world—conclusion.

EXAMPLE IV.

The argument on the other side would be equally simple and convincing: Vegetarians abstain from smoking, etc.—major premise.

Donkeys abstain, etc.—minor premise.

Therefore vegetarians are donkeys—conclusion.

Other examples, if necessary, may be given on a future occasion, when rules for the proper formation of syllogisms will be presented to the notice of the student. In order to clear the way, however, it may be noted that the words *plus* and *minus* are used in logic for convenience to represent negative and affirmative statements respectively, *plus* meaning "is" or "are," as the case may be, and *minus* meaning "is not" or "are not," as in the following examples:—Mr. R. T. Walker *minus* a city councillor; Councillor Batty *plus* a good man, etc.

THE THEATRES.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH has the advantage of appearing in the "New Magdalen" under better auspices than on a former occasion. Many months ago the play was acted at the Queen's, with Miss Cavendish in the principal character; and without being ill-natured, we may remark that the accessories then at her command were not of such an encouraging nature as they are in the present engagement. At the Royal the scenery is good, the stage well appointed, and the comfort of the audience is admirably consulted, so that on the whole the circumstances are such as to enable us to congratulate Miss Cavendish upon them. Moreover, the company by which the lady is supported possesses a certain uniformity of intelligence and ability, which it is not always the lot of star artists to fall in with in the provinces; and the "New Magdalen" is certainly not a one-character drama. Of the play itself there is little new to be said; we have already written of it, and of the lady's performance therein. It is a piece that admits of a more than ordinary display of talent in the performers, and is calculated to please that large class of playgoers who are not too particular about stage tradition. Much as we admire the scenic abilities of Miss Cavendish, we cannot say that we admire the particular rôle which, after an arduous and uphill professional career, she has adopted; but it must be owned that whatever the lady undertakes, she carries through with all her will, and she is never ungainly or ungraceful. On this occasion, as we have hinted, she receives able support from the resident company.

At the Queen's, Mr. Pennington and others are playing in "Notre Dame," a well-known and sufficiently sensational drama, which is an immense gallery favourite from the strength and nature of its situations. The most remarkable feature of the performance is the capital and spirited acting of Miss Annie Wilmott, a lady who is worthy of better things, and might make her mark if she would be guided by counsel, and avoid certain tricks of voice and gesture, such as an immoderate rolling of the eyes to mention one defect. Mr. Pennington is welcomed with hearty plaudits. His recital of the Balalaeva verses is very taking, the fact being evidently familiar to the audience that the actor himself took part in that charge as one of the famous eleventh hussars.

Mr. Cellier's pleasant musical effort still continues to draw at the Prince's. A considerable amount of fun has been infused into the different parts, which at first were wretchedly furnished; and a second visit, with special attention to the excellence of the orchestration, will be well repaid. In this, which may be called the mechanical part of a composer's work, Mr. Cellier shines conspicuously, and his labours are admirably seconded by a band thoroughly efficient in every department.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

J. F.—We cannot charge our memory with every nonsensical communication addressed to us. Mr. Aronsberg's *Liberty*.—You forget, in the first instance, that Mr. Aronsberg is not a Christian, which rather spoils the point of your remarks. We have also an opinion of our own on the matter.

After the Holidays.—The inspiration obtained is not worth mentioning in your case.

A Heavy Sentence, J. C.—We suspect the judge knew what he was about; besides, however small the number of pecks stolen, the act was still peckulation.

W. M., Stockport.—It would be no use to publish your name, unless we could also publish what you send, in order to show what bad verses you can write.

A. B.—You are quite right, we do not demand the names and addresses of contributors, nor do we care about contributions from absurd and ignorant duffers.

Hard Times.—Such a stave as yours is not calculated to stave off the evil day in any way. Declined, with Thanks.—"Stumpy."

GARVEY'S LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S SELF-PROPELLING BATH CHAIRS, for those that cannot walk.—GARVEY, the Private Carriage Builder, &c., 28, Downing Street, and 2, Grosvenor Street, Manchester.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF MEDLOCK STREET WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Elected in June last, to represent you in the City Council on the death of Mr. John Marshall, I have now but fulfilled his remaining term of office, and it is with pleasure I appeal to you for a renewal of the confidence so kindly imposed in me at the last contested election for this ward. The numerous signed requisition which has been presented to me contains the names of gentlemen differing widely in opinion upon many vital questions, and it is gratifying for me to reflect that during the very short time I have occupied a seat in the Council chamber I have succeeded in obtaining the good wishes of all sections of ratepayers. In my last address I expressed my views upon sanitary matters, the gas question, and public baths. With regard to the ashpit question I then said: "I am decidedly against alterations where existing drainage is good, and thereby, in my opinion, far less nuisance than the new system." I advocated that interest should be paid upon gas deposits which the Council has since confirmed. I urged that public baths should be in the hands of the Corporation, low charges being made; and I am glad to be able to state that this great boon must soon be granted to the people, the only delay that can occur being in connection with the consideration of ways and means, and the fixing upon the best sites for the erection of suitable buildings for baths and laundries. I have lived in your midst for many years; I know the wants and the necessities of the ward, and I am prepared, if again favoured with your support, to devote my best energies and services to the discharge of the duties of your representative.—Yours truly,

ALFRED EVANS.

7, Upper Jackson Street, Hulme, Oct. 6th, 1876.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF OXFORD WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In compliance with the wishes of numerous friends, I desire to offer myself for election to the office of councillor for Oxford Ward, and I confidently refer to my past conduct in the City Council, and to my constant and unwearied attendances at the various meetings at which it has been my duty and pleasure to attend, as grounds for expecting you to return me.

Whilst in the City Council I have always given my time and attention cheerfully, not only to the public questions affecting the city generally, but to minor matters that have been brought before me by individuals, and to the utmost of my ability I have endeavoured to be useful without preference or partiality. I am not in favour of experimental sanitary changes, but will give my hearty support to any good and sensible scheme of sanitary improvement. Should you return me to the Council I will endeavour to serve honestly all parties in the ward—a promise which may be relied upon by referring to my past actions.

Believing that I shall not be disappointed in my expectations of gaining your confidence and being returned as your representative, I am, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

R. T. WALKER.

Manchester, Oct., 1876.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF OXFORD WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I respond with pleasure to the invitation of a large number of influential electors in this ward to place my services as representative in the City Council at your disposal.

I am fully impressed with the grave responsibilities attaching to the representation of the large interests in this ward; and I am aware that the task is an arduous one if conscientiously performed, but it will be my earnest endeavour to fill the position to the best of my power, and worthy of your confidence.

The claim for this distinction I base on my long and intimate connection with this ward, and my knowledge of its requirements.

I am bound by business ties to the staple trade of our city, on the maintenance and advancement of which depends your welfare, as well as that of a large proportion of the inhabitants of the district. My connection with it is a guarantee that I shall do my utmost in furthering those important interests.

As an address is not, according to my views, the best means for the exposition of opinions on different questions, I will leave such details to my opportunities of addressing you personally, and confine myself to a statement of the broad principles on which I intend to act if returned by you.

I shall insist on strict economy in order to keep down the rates, at the same time I shall be no party to narrow stinginess, but on all questions that may arise in any department, I shall be guided in my decision by a desire to obtain the greatest efficiency at the lowest price—the only sound financial policy—and to secure the greatest benefit for the masses without doing injustice to the few. The health and comfort of the people is a subject to which I have devoted considerable attention, and I shall make it my duty to advocate measures that will improve the moral and physical condition, and bring comfort to their homes.

In thus placing before you an outline of the basis on which I would represent you, I trust I have provided the means of judging of my fitness and conclude by soliciting your suffrages. The numerous promises of support from all grades of electors, make me bold enough to do so with confidence.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

MATTHEW HILTON.
38, Chorlton Street, Manchester,
Oct. 7th, 1876.MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.
ALL SAINTS' WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—With the present month my term of office as your representative to the City Council, with which you entrusted me three years ago, will expire. For the confidence you then reposed in me, and for the uniform kindness and courtesy I have always received from you during such term of office, I beg to tender you my warmest thanks.

At the urgent request of a large number of electors, I again place my services at your disposal. Should you again confer the honour upon me, rest assured that I shall always endeavour faithfully and earnestly to discharge my several duties; and I flatter myself that three years' experience will enable me to serve you still more efficiently than in the past.

During my term of office I have had the honour to share in zealously promoting several important improvements in our township. Greenheys Lane has been transformed from a

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

quagmire of mud and filth to a well-paved and handsome avenue; and All Saints' Churchyard no longer wears the slovenly appearance which for so many years had been a standing reproach to the neighbourhood, but has been transformed into an open and spacious promenade, where children may play in safety and the tired traveller find a welcome rest on the seats provided.

It is impossible to foresee what changes may be contemplated in the sanitary economy of our important city. Believing, however, that the suggestions relating to public baths and wash-houses would be a great and desirable boon, I shall do my utmost to promote the object, being a firm believer in the motto, that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

I am content to leave the matter in your hands. Again thanking you for past courtesy and kindness, and pledging myself, should you consider me again worthy of your confidence, to renewed activity, zeal, and faithfulness, I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant.

CHARLES WALKER.

173, High Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. LUKE'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The time is at hand when the trust you reposed in me two years ago will again be at your disposal; and in compliance with the requisition which you have done me the honour to present, signed by 1015 of my fellow-ratepayers, I have much pleasure in placing my services again at your disposal. I accept the compliments you have paid me as a recognition on the part of my constituents of their satisfaction with the way in which I have acquitted myself; and although it would be unbecoming in me to speak of the manner in which I have fulfilled the duties which devolved upon me, I may refer you to the records of my attendance at the Council and committee meetings in proof of my assiduous attention to municipal duties, and my desire to discharge them to the best of my ability. As a member of the Free Libraries Committee, I have been pleased at the gradual development of that valuable educational auxiliary, and I hold that the facilities for obtaining such advantages should only be limited by the means at the disposal of the Council; and in furtherance of these views I will, if again elected, give my support to the establishment of a Reading Room and Branch Free Library in the neighbourhood of Stockport Road, thus rendering it available for the residents of Ardwick and the upper portion of this ward. In the discussions of the Council I have ever been watchful to guard against undue expenditure; and while I have opposed indiscriminate advances of salaries, I have been anxious to avoid the extremes of parsimony and extravagance. The important question of the public health of this city, especially that branch which relates to the disposal of sewage and other refuse, and to the pollution of rivers, will shortly await a solution by the Council; and I submit that what is best in a sanitary sense is also most profitable from an economical point of view. Should you again do me the honour to elect me as your representative, I shall be influenced in my votes by a desire to promote efficiency and economy in all departments of the Corporation, and to labour earnestly to secure the adoption of all measures which have for their object the health and welfare, both morally and socially, of all classes of my fellow-citizens.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your faithful servant,

ALEXANDER MURRAY.

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